VOL. IV NO. 17

woodwind WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

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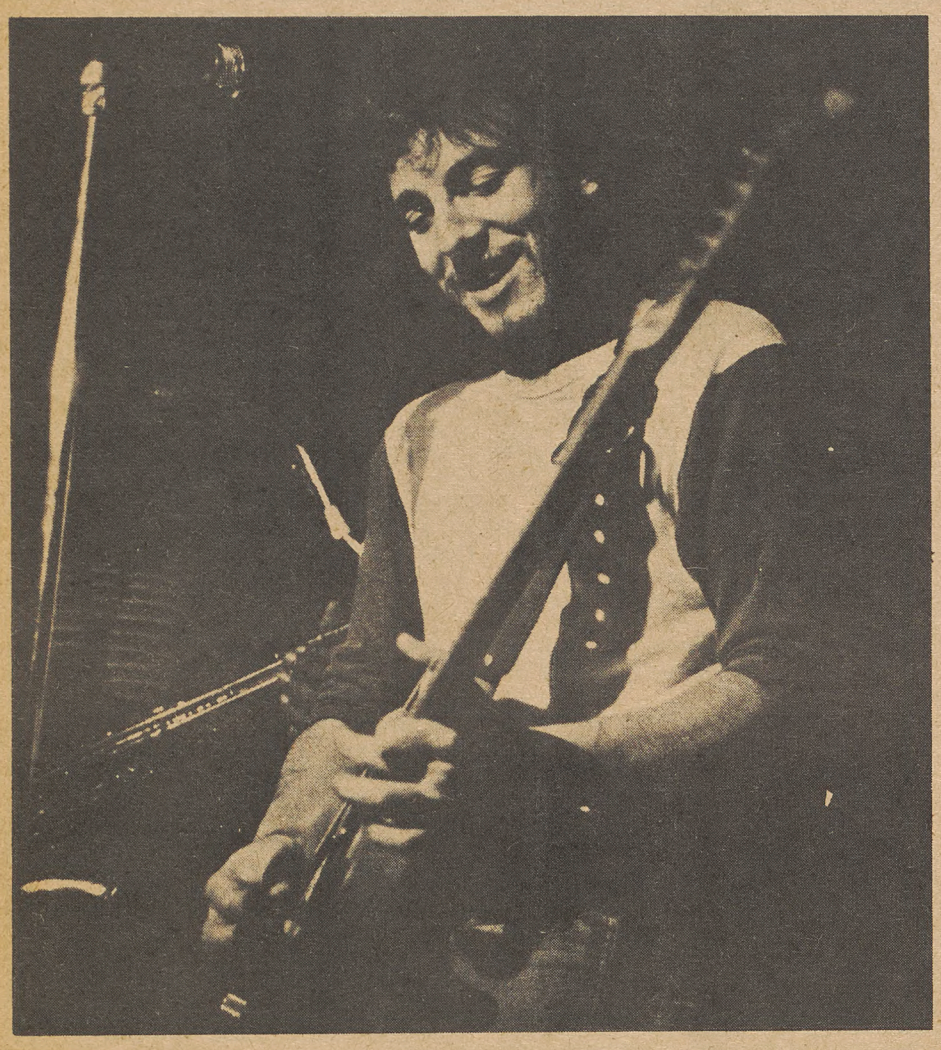

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

FRANK ZAPPA
DAVID WHAM
and reviews by
David Tannous &
Bruce Rosenstein

By Richard Harrington

Jack Strickland, who stands a good six-and-a-half feet tall, has just tried to gain the attention of the Thursday night crowd at the Childe Harold. The microphone's not really turned up yet and he has to repeat himself several times before people can hear him. "The Childe Harold is proud to present. . . Bruce Springsteen!"

Jack steps away from the stage, melting back into the crowd. His size has obviously been serving to shield the guy who now steps up to the mike, because the result is less an entrance than an appearance. I'm looking at the man and there are a flood of images going through my mind's eye. I'm Proust-ing like crazy – and it becomes clearer as the night goes on.

The worst thing that can happen to many performers is being compared; being told they are "like someone." It's not fair, but in the same sense, it is sometimes an accurate appraisal. Bruce Springsteen is not "like someone." He's entirely unique, though obviously flavored or influenced by some specific people. Some critics are trying to saddle him with the "next Dylan" or "new Dylan" robe. He's not Dylan, but the images and memories that were flooding me early in his set were of a two-part Dylan; the same quality and charisma I felt when I first saw Dylan in 1963, mixed with an uncanny physical resemblance to the Dylan of *John Wesley Harding* days.

If Dylan comparisons are inevitable, then at least let me qualify them. Bruce Springsteen has the same quality of wordsmanship that marks the best of Dylan. When you consider that he hasn't been writing all that long, his capabilities become auspicious.

> *I had skin like leather and the diamond-hard look of a cobra/*
> *I was born blue and weathered but I burst like a supernova/*
> *I could walk like Brando right into the sun/*
> *Then dance just like a Casanova/*
> *With my blackjack and jacket and hair slicked sweet/*
> *Silver star studs on my duds just like a Harley in heat/*
> *When I strud down the street I could hear its heart beat/*
> *The sisters fell back and said/*
> *"Don't that man look pretty"/*
> *The cripple on the corner cried out "Nickels for your pity."/*
> *Them gasoline boys downtown sure talk gritty/*
> *It's so hard to be a saint in the city.//*
>
> ("Saint in the City")

Actually, as someone pointed out, Springsteen fills one side of an album with more words than most people are able to find for two. (His first album is called *Greetings from Asbury Park*, on Columbia.) Springsteen's language is hard, the pains of the city abound. His vision is not entirely without hope, but it is definitely without illusion. The main difference between Springsteen and Dylan almost comes down to geography – the poet from Minnesota and the street-punk from New Jersey. Assimilation versus habit.

> *I stood stone-like at midnight/*
> *suspended in my masquerade/*
> *I combed my hair till it was just right and commanded the night brigade/*
> *I was open to pain and crossed by the rain and I walked on a crooked crutch/*
> *I strolled all alone through a fallout zone and came out with my soul untouched/*
> *I hid in the clouded wrath of the crowd, but when they said "Sit down," I stood up/*
> *Ooh. . . growin' up.*
>
> ("Growing Up")

The words mean nothing without the mood of music to encircle them. It is at this point that other influences are felt, even if they are not entirely accurate. After sifting through the associations, the best sense of the sound comes out as this – Bruce Springsteen sounds a bit like Van Morrisson backed by The Band. (If nothing else, this should give people a further idea of his excellence.) The songs themselves have a generous vitality – children of rock and roll, out of several parents.

Springsteen himself is a fine guitarist (on both acoustic and electric) but his fortunes continue in having some musical friends who display the chronic tightness we associate with The Band. David Sancious on keyboards, Gary Tallent on bass and Vinnie Lopez on drums provide the framework and the fill. The finished sound is refined by Clarence Clemmons, whose contributions on the saxophone are alternately chilling and joyful. Clemmons, whose presence seems to cajole Springsteen into a continuous high that leads beyond the music itself, is never obtrusive or overpowering. He simply adds texture to the thought.

> *Now the night was bright and the stars threw light on*
> *Billy and Davy*
> *dancin' in the moonlight*
> *They were down near the water in a stone and mud fight*
> *Killer Joe gone passed out on the lawn*
> *Well now Hazy Davy got really hurt, he ran into the lake in just his socks and a shirt*
> *Me and Crazy Janey was makin' love in the dirt singin' out birthday songs*
> *Janey said it was time to go so we closed our eyes and said goodbye to the gypsy angel row felt so right*
> *Together we moved like spirits in the night (all night)*
> *In the night (all night). . .*
>
> ("Spirit in the Night")

Going back to the Childe Harold – it hasn't taken very long for Springsteen to catch the people. By the second song, there is very little talking, by the third song, there is none. People are being forced to concentrate on the rapid flow of words, the rhymes require that: "Madman drummers bummers and Indians in the summer with a teenage diplomat/In the dumps with the mumps as the adolescent pumps his way into his hat/With a boulder on my shoulder, feelin' kinda older I tripped the merry-go-round/ With this very unpleasing sneezing and wheezing the calliope crashed to the ground.")

Springsteen is crowded into a tiny stage area that was never built for a five-piece band. But he manages, though the band occasionally does acrobatic feats to accommodate a tuba.

An hour later, Springsteen is through. He has coaxed some essential rock out of his guitar and he has filled the audience with a quality of song that will be hard to surpass – until his second set.

All through the weekend, strangers will come up and say something more than "good set" or "that was nice." Springsteen is accessible, and the man has affected people, not with a message, but with a presence.

> *We were both hitchhikers but your ear tuned to the roar/*
> *Of some metal-tempered engine on an alien, distant shore/*
> *So you left to find a better reason than the one we were living for/*
> *And it's not that nursery mouth I came back for/*
> *It's not the way you're stretched out on the floor/*
> *Cause I've broken all your windows and I've rammed through all your doors/*
> *And who am I to ask you to lick all my sores?/*
> *And you should know that's true...*
> *I came for you, for you, I came for you, but you did not need my urgency/*
> *I came for you, for you, I came for you, but your life was one long emergency/*
> *And your cloud line urges me, and my electric surges free.//*
>
> ("For You")

(All lyrics copyright 1972, Sioux City Music, Ltd.)

Woodwind

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STAFF

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COORDINATING EDITOR: John Burgess
ART: David Tannous
BOOKS: John Burgess
CALENDAR: Ricki Black, Joan Colombo
FILMS: Alex Ward, Lee Westenberg
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CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE: Anne Auberjonois, Camille David, Jeff Menick, Steve Miller, Sue Siegal, David Wham, John W. White.

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We welcome contributions of all sorts. We are particularly interested in feature articles and fiction. Although we accept poetry, we do have an enormous back-log. All articles are accepted based on their own merit, not on the credits or reputation of the author.

All materials submitted to WOODWIND should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

In Your Own Backyard

Edited by Clover Holcomb

RADIO: "Remember Radio Drama?" will be the name of a broadcast of the radio play "The House in Cypress Canyon," from Suspense, 1944. Starring Robert Taylor, Cathy Lewis, Hans Conreid and Jim Backus. June 8th, 9:30 p.m. on WAMU-FM, 88.5. AND TV: Jim Croce on Midnight Special, June 15, 1:00 a.m. on NBC.

STUDENT FILMS will be presented by the Corcoran School of Fine Art, June 14. The Film Festival will be held at the Corcoran, 17th St., & New York Ave., N.W., at 8:00 p.m. For more information, call: 628-9484.

MUSIC FOR INSOMNIACS: Again this summer! The Friday "Music at Midnight" will be conducted by Louis C. Fantasia, featuring the works of Vivaldi. Tickets will be $1.00 at the door, at the Georgetown University Hall of Nations, 36th St., N.W., between N St. and Prospect St. For further information call: 625-4353.

VETERANS OPPORTUNITY FAIR: Seventy area businesses will congregate on June 8th and 9th, at the D.C. Armory. The purpose is to bring businesses together so that Veterans can shop for career, education and assistance opportunities. The Fair will be produced in conjunction with Federal City College.

APPALACHIA CRAFTS: quilts, clothing and accessories for sale at Appalachian Inc. June 9th through June 23rd at St. Elmo Ave., Bethesda, Maryland. Call: 625-9463.

PRAIRIE HOUSES: Architecture of the Arts & Crafts movement in America will be the subject of a free, illustrated lecture given by Robert Judson Clark. At 8:00 p.m., June 14, Renwick Gallery, Pennsylvania Ave. at 17th St. For further information, call: 381-5503.

A MUSICIAN is not a musician, but an actor; a guitar is not a guitar, but a dulcimer; a play is not a play, but a concert; a sight is not a sight, but a sound. At Theatre Project: June 9th at 10:30 p.m., June 10th at 11:00 p.m. 45 W. Preston St., Baltimore, Md. Call (301) 539-3090.

CHILD STARS: Auditions will be held for the Children's Theater of Arlington's production of "Trudi & the Minstrel." It will be open to children between the ages of 9 and 14. If you are interested in a singing role – bring a song. June 11th & 12th, 4:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. at the Stewarts Arts Center, 2400 N. Underwood Street, Arlington, Va.

ADULT STARS: Auditions for summer repertory with the Georgetown Theatre Co., by invitation of the Neighborhood Arts Council, District Five, will be held on June 7th - 9th. For information call 296-0004.

EXHIBITION: International showing of the works of painters, sculptors, photographers. All of the artists have credits ranging from the Museum of Modern Art to Who's Who in Community Colleges. The exhibit will be presented by the 1973 Annapolis Arts Festival Invitational Art Show at the Natural Resources Bldg. 580 Taylor St., Annapolis, Md., from June 10 through 17.

BOOGIE PRELUDE

By Michael Hogan

Come Saturday morning, June 9, you may just wake up to find yourself (just pull back the sheets) one in that proverbial million, uh, wouldyoubelieve one in 53,000?, loose-limbed rock 'n' rollers expected to be defying the law of gravity by rolling out of bed a few hours earlier than the national norm for such Saturday mornings and treking the bleary-eyed trek toward RFK Stadium whereupon you'll become the audience half of that exciting, but hardly new, daytime, nighttime, anytime game. . . Boogie Music! (Do not pass Woodstock. . . and you can forget the $200.

Electric Factory Concerts, from the city that gave us Frankie Avalon and Fabian, has put together two shows, Saturday and Sunday, that very likely rate as one of the few combinations capable of generating the energy level, if not the excitement, of that not-easily-forgotten July 4th extravaganza.

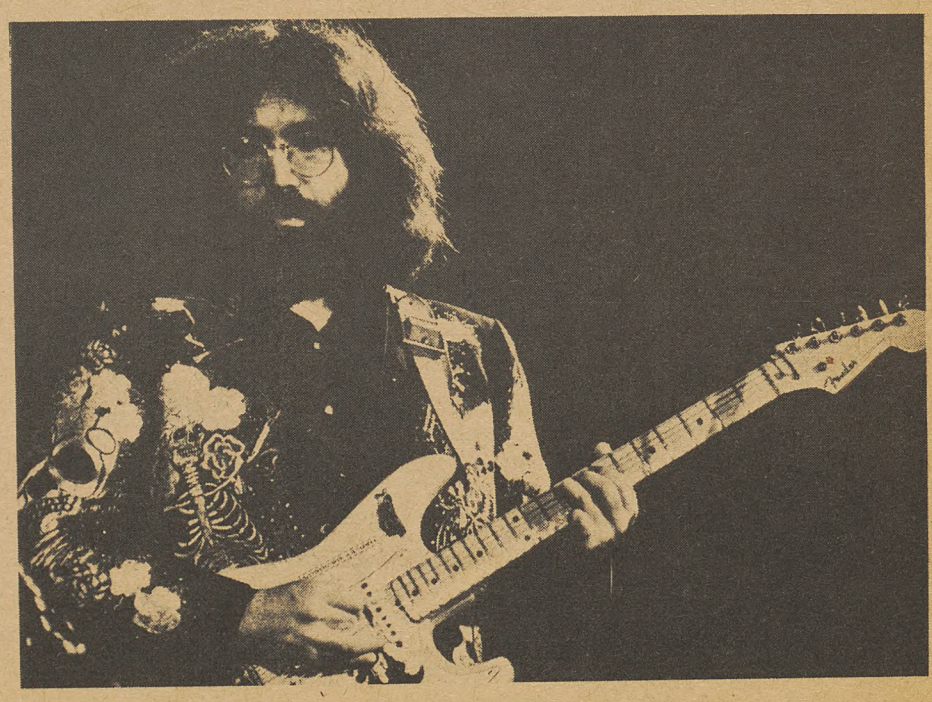
Since the initial announcement that the Allman Brothers Band and the Grateful Dead would be playing both shows, the Factory has contracted Wet Willie to open Saturday's performance and Doug Sahm (Sir Douglas Quintet) to initiate Sunday's festivities.

Arrangements so far call for the stage to be set up in the outfield, thus affording plenty of unobstructed seats on the outfield grass in addition to hundreds of seats in the grandstands around the field. . . and who knows, you might even find Sonny Jurgenson's mouthpiece or Bartholomew Kryptonite's secret code ring. And, since the gates open at noon each day, with the show not getting underway until 3 p.m., you'll have plenty of time for any number of distractions in addition to the traditional frisbee toss and wine guzzle.

And although the word is scattered about rock journalism, like so many rooftops after a Mid-West tornado, few groups in the rock 'n' roll arena have the stuff which even justifies the word "legendary" as a valid description of their contributions to rock. Yet the activities of these two particular groups have earned for them, if not demanded, such unabashed heraldry.

A more reserved writer might put it less eloquently, though very truthfully, in phrases guaranteeing you the good time (now there's a reserved phrase) that you expect.

And to be honest, I couldn't call that writer wrong.



Good as Gold in the Ghetto

[This is the tenth, and final, of David Wham's "Rachel Stories" to appear in Woodwind. These stories, and others, will be published in hardback in mid-winter, out of New York. David's book will be entitled Abide with Me. *Ed.]*

By David Wham

At dawn, looking up the wide boulevard toward the distant, turtle-green dome of the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Washington sparkled in patches of gold. From our vantage point in the mushy dew of Stanton Park's bleached greensward, the whole ghetto was rimed with it. Dark spaces in between, like the musty mouths of disused garages, tool sheds, abandoned outhouses, were like the vague blue dashes of paint that one finds on some splendid, unfinished canvas. Rutting down into their incomplete depths, the negroes lived. Sparkling about them to beat the yellowish, metallic band of sunup was all that gold. The streets were paved with it, like as not, if your eyes were not fooled by the filigree and patina of so-called wealth which sunlight sent careening into the streets, like irony.

Rachel's hair, too, was gold – gold as the streets, gold as the heavens of our strange Lord. Our strange Lord had sent us – Rachel and her father, Jacob – into the streets also to beg, not for our bread, but for our identity. Our identity was no birthright for father and daughter in this world. This world would foist upon her instead: food, drink, blankets, warmth, her mother. Her mother would take Rachel away from the hard identity, sometimes starving, sometimes cold, of her father. Father and identity of father – the fight for him and his child – would be cast aside, debunked, defunct. Onward and upward into the soft and fleecy nothingness of her mother's bosom. Gift of the world. Gift of the law.

Yet meanwhile, the gold shone. Like sperm it trickled, spattered, shone. It shone in broken glass in the vacant parking lots through which old men, in overcoats that fell like shrouds to their ankles, moved with whisk brooms and dust pans, looking for a strike. Carrying baby Rachel on my shoulders, I moved among them at dawn in the tangled wilds of the ghetto. Sun shone fiery upon these old men, burst flaming upon their bald black heads, gave their mumbling, crouching, tentlike anguish the aura of sainted priors. Circling, moaning, dragging the foul hems of their coats after them through the screech of broken glass, they yelled at one another across the parking lots, "Here one. Sheeeit, founna penny, uh dime; sheeit, here uh quarter."

It was unenlightening, yet it was life. Now, on Saturdays when there was no work for me and no day care for Rachel, after we had slept at the Longworth House Office Building because there was danger on the ghetto streets, Rachel and I went *into* these ghetto streets themselves and moved about them, seeing what we could see of this world that was, after all, only ours. It was unenlightening, as I say. Unpretty. Yet we chased into these blue depths while about us beat and shimmered this fool's gold, because we had nothing else to chase into; and there was nowhere else to go.

All around us the old men in their long overcoats moved and soughed in the heat of June. They were like premonitions of the trial (those black robes) that might swiftly be taking my baby away. And they were something else, too, themselves. They were the same old men, the same old grunting syphilitic emblems of a tired death, that had always been with us. We just had not seen it. For 10 years we had believed in promises, in the life hereafter, in the death that never came. For 10 years we had had our Kennedys and our Kings, our marches, our struts, our events, our blood that was only ***meaningful*** blood. We had loved for love and been careless, and we had made the children of love. And now it was over. There were no marches nor promises to make anymore. Death and old night were here at dawn in the personae of these tired old men panning for gold in the smashed glitter that was the morning after, in the ghetto. And Rachel, love's own child, rode above, on my shoulders – winsome, alone, a good proud child abandoned by all but her daddy.

It was lonely as hell out here. I guessed we both needed a mother at that wrong, bad time when there was none to have. Jan, her mother, had fled long ago, only to come back recently with her clutch of beady-eyed lawyers and friends shouting threats; and by coming so close to her child, Jan was coming all wrong.

It was a dirty world. With Rachel spurring my chest with the heels of her flip-flops, I moved among the flaming ash cans of the ghetto, popping and weaving their sparks like the furies who pursued us. Our shadows lengthening out behind us like fingers of a slowly opening hand, we walked into dawning day, the bluish silhouettes of the old negro prospectors whirling like demented dervishes about us.

"Hey, man, look that little keeeid," one of them called, pirouetting, his long coat flying.

"Yayuh, a cute one, huh, HUH, *HUH*?"

Slowly, they dropped their golden pans and came toward us. They bunched about us, grinning toothless as the war council of some lost aboriginal tribe, poking out at Rachel's bare legs, showing their gummy delight at her tummy.

"Sheeeit, you know Ah had me one uh them oncet?"

"Yayuh?" they commented amongst themselves. "How you do that?"

"Fucked me a woman, buddy."

"That right?"

"Yayuh. Got right up on top uh her 'n' slammed it in. Like as snuff."

"No sheeeit?"

"No sheeeit."

"Well, that somepin."

"Yayuh."

I started to go past them with my thin-clad child upon my shoulders, but they sort of melted, then held in a loose, coagulating ring of fustiness, like the smell of peanuts out of a subway entrance.

"What her name?" assertive, brassy.

"Rachel."

"That the on'y name she got?"

"That's the only one I gave her."

"Rachel. The one-name keeeid, huh?"

"That's right."

They nodded.

"Sho as snuff."

Behind them, I saw the church and the steeple under which Rachel's day-care center met during the week, like a raised fist and finger upon the sky. Beyond them, straight down the vacant street, was our apartment. I started to edge toward it.

"Say, man," a short, grizzled screw whined, "like we been out since dawn, man, 'n' we ain' had no breakfast, like to put in our guts, you know what we mean, huh, HUH, *HUH*?"

I lifted out a quarter, then a dime, then some pennies, and I handed them over, like a tribute to these gouging and gangling warlords from one who wanted to cross their turf.

"That all you got, mister?"

I lifted out a dollar too, and handed that over. They looked at the tribute, I guess comparing it to the golden shiny bits of trash in their pans.

"Sheeeit!" One of them shoved me. I felt Rachel shift violently sideways and almost lurch from my shoulders. She started to howl. "Sheeeit! Don' you NEVER come out here without the respect uh a tin or a twinny 'fore it gets true light, hear us, honkie?"

They ranged around close, breathing all that fusty, hungry, angry odor on us.

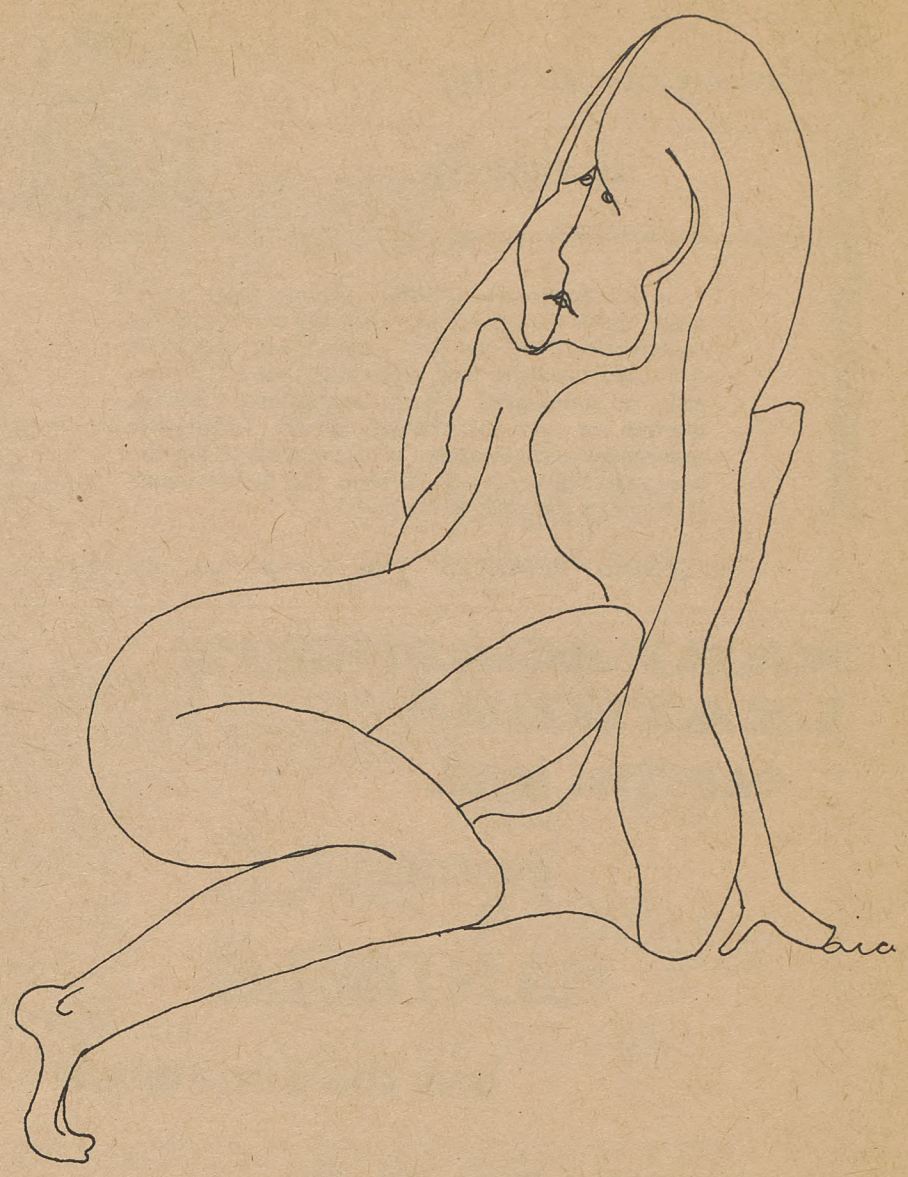
"I hear you."

"Don' you NEVER."

"I hear you."

"An' now you get your skaggy shit-ass white-squirrel selves out, huh, HUH, *HUH*?"

And they didn't have to ask if I heard that time. I ran. When I got to the other side of the Park with Rachel still bawling on my shoulders, they had gone back to their panning, whirling and swirling like dervishes in the ghetto, looking for the strike that was good as gold.



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BOOKS

SUPERNATURE — By Lyall Watson, Achor Press, 344 pp., $7.95 (hard cover).

Reviewed by John Burgess

Supernature knows no bounds. Too often we see only what we expect to see: our view of the world is restricted by the blinkers of our experience, but it need not be this way. Supernature is nature with all its flavors intact waiting to be tasted. I offer it as a logical extension of the present state of science as a solution to some of the problems with which traditional science cannot cope and as an analgesic to modern man.

So Lyall Watson describes his book and philosophy. Dr. Watson – whose credits include *The Omnivorous Ape* and *The Living World of Animals*; apprenticeship under Desmond Morris; anthropological expeditions in Northern Nigeria, biological expeditions in the Indian Ocean; the founding of a zoo-design consultant firm – presents in this book a look at some of the mysteries, the so-called "supernatural" ocurrence, that science seems to be at a loss to explain. He then proceeds to show that they might, after all, be completely explicable, by scientific methods. The "supernatural" is really only "super-nature." One has only to expand the scope and sensitivity of the tools and measures of science and he will find the solutions for all sorts of strange things.

For example, why are some chemical reactions dependent on phases of the moon to be exactly reduplicable? Why does the "Cheops Pyramid Razor Blade Sharpener" [registered under Czechoslovakian Republic Patent No. 91304] – which is nothing more than a styrofoam scale-model of the Egyptian pyramids – actually sharpen dulled razor blades? What about the Japanese doctors (M.D.'s, not witch doctors) who diagnose diseases and the probability of contracting certain diseases by means of palmistry? How do some people "see" through their skin? Why are European biophisicists, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, spending so much time investigating dowsing rod operators? They know that dowsing *does* work, and are trying to find out *why*. Or how about Michel Gauguelin, of the Psychophysiological Laboratory of Strasbourg, who found – against odds of 10 million to one that it was just chance – that there's a strong correlation between the rising of Mars and Saturn at a child's birth and his future success as a doctor?

Watson is not a "true-believer" in things occultic. He's well aware of the trickery and fraud that are sometimes involved in many of the mysteries of the East and West; and he firmly believes in scientific method and rationalism. But he's skeptical enough to ask, in the light of the successes of acupuncture and the weirdnesses of yoga, "How can these things be explained?" ***Supernature*** is his effort at some tentative solutions.

This book is the first book I've come across that offers a logical attempt at organizing these phenomena. It's a very readable book and the answers that Watson offers are intriguing, even if not final. He believes that as man uses up the resources of the world, he will have to rely upon his own more and more. Many of these resources, he says, ". . .are at the moment concealed in the occult – a word that simply means 'secret knowledge' and is a very good description of something that we have known all along but have been hiding from ourselves." ***Supernature*** is delightful, and definitely worth looking for.

TODAY WE CHOOSE FACES — By Roger Zelazny, Signet Books, $.95, (paper).

Reviewed by Steve Miller

At first glance, *Today We Choose Faces* seems to be a radical departure from Roger Zelazny's tendency to write on a galactic, or even cosmic scale; but a closer reading shows that the book has a range equal to almost any of Zelazny's other sf works, with the possible exception of *Creatures of Light and Darkness*.

Part of the cause for the deceptive appearance of the surface story is its lack of wonder. Zelazny describes, at first, a gangland killing in New York, a rather common theme these days. From there he goes on to describe the results of experiments which are already beginning today, results which permit the victim of the execution to live again; resurrected by a latter-day medical technology from his frozen sleep, Angelo Di Negri lives to kill again, this time for a more-or-less legal Cosa Nostra. From there, the reader is placed in a distant future where all of mankind lives in what appears to be a single, monstrous building where he is protected from what has really happened by Zelazny's carefully deceptive story-line.

What must be realized from the start is that Zelazny rarely, if ever, deals with the trivial world of a single man's experience. Instead, like Shakespeare or Milton – both of whom he is fond of paraphrasing – Zelazny likes to move in a tragic or comic world; indeed, often relying on the epic scale to build something more than the simple story of one man that so many writers give us.

In *Today We Choose Faces*, Zelazny has actually chronicled the attempt to rid man of violence and, in the end, the apparent failure of that attempt. Utilizing the technology of cloning, Zelazny builds up not one character, but a series of characters. Or, even closer, a serial character; a man who is at once himself and the sum of his living, identical replicates, and at times, the sum of his dead forebears as well.

As in many Zelazny works, immortality is part of the total concept of the book. But here there is something more, for in the world that he has created he shows, by carefully peeling away various levels of so-called civilized man, that at times survival means the resurrection of the beast in man that is hidden by social training, by force, or by evolution.

I said that the book is a book without wonder – that is, the characters accept their world, and seem to be a real part of it, and this is as it should be. There is no cause for the characters to be surprised about the Living Room, a many-square-mile area in which people share their quiet recreation, or the Kitchen, an area where people are served food. In fact, the characters accept the hive-type creation that Zelazny builds, and the family of man is literally that: a single group of people, all living in the same house, even if that house, by means of teleportation, has wings on many worlds.

And finally, the story reaches what is a common Zelaznian conclusion, perhaps borrowed from Zelazny's own background in Milton – man may at times need to be protected from himself, but ultimately, each and every man must have the choice between good and evil to make for himself.

The same theme can be seen in *Lord of Light*, *Damnation Alley* and in the *Amber* series. The best part of the continuing theme is that in each and every book it is handled differently. *Today We Choose Faces*, in addition to being entertaining, carries on the theme. Read it, even if you don't normally read sf. It's good.

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AT THE MOVIES

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID —

Reviewed by Lee Westenberg

In *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, director Sam Peckinpah has come up with a bloody, grimy lurch through the gates of No Way Out. His characters are hopelessly locked into their destinies, and what happens (for nothing *develops*) is a mercilessly compressed, and toughly styled, depiction of the inevitable.

Everyone knows that outlaw-turned-lawman Pat Garrett (played by James Coburn) will track down and kill his former sidekick Billy the Kid (Kris Kristofferson). Since there can be no suspense over the outcome, what must make a famous story like this one work is the mystery of how the pair passes time before the fatal rendezvous. Pretty standard Western fare, of course, but here Peckinpah reveals his talent for atmospheric detail and emphasis on minor characters. The movie (shot in Durango, Mexico) opens with Billy *et al.* getting their kicks in a rundown village by shooting half-buried roosters. Garrett appears on the outskirts, behind Billy, and introduces himself by sighting over everyone's shoulders to kill his bird. Another fine touch is the surreal, dusty wind which, mirage-like, blows in on the Kid's last afternoon.

Both Garrett and the Kid seem to be rootless, driven men with no other choice than to accept the dictates of the myth surrounding them. Garrett is not intended as a sympathetic figure; he comes on stealthily, cold and satanic, detesting himself for his fall from outlaw to upholder. (We are given no clues about how or why he made the change except for the implication that "to live outside the law you must be honest." And Garrett, goes the implication, is a liar.) The men he kills – lots and lots – seem less guilty of breaking laws than they are remiss in not bowing before his surly pride.

Coburn's best scene as Garrett occurs in a godforsaken bar-store. He's drinking whiskey as three of the Kid's followers amble in. The cynical Garrett proceeds to humiliate them: one is forced to drink himself into a stupor and is shot (dying backwards in a chair-splintering slow-motion, an effect with which Peckinpah is obsessed); one is told he will now be clubbed with a rifle butt; one is made to "give us a good read" from food-can labels; and the proprietor (rastily played by Chill Wills) has to endure it all with a hat pulled over his eyes.

The Kid, by pedestrian contrast, appears as the suffering, ill-used hero. He is warm, freewheeling, victimized and Christ-like. (Forced by Garrett to surrender in an early scene, he walks out smiling with arms stretched to an invisible cross – and the camera holds long to the scene.) The men he kills, more than Garrett notches, are Oppressors (hypocritical deputies and ranch-hands of big cattlemen) and those bent on destroying the freedom of misfits and humble people.

Kristofferson's Kid has a winning white-toothed grin and a believable exuberance. What he lacks is a scene stronger than Garrett's in the bar-store. He *does* attract loyal followers where Garrett must conscript deputies. And Billy does have a true love (Rita Coolidge) while his nemesis lays with whores. Sympathies aside, I thought Coburn gave the more striking performance.

As for the minor characters, well, there's this fella name of Alias, played by Bob Dylan. That's right! Unrepenting in my awe of Dylan the man-musician-mystery, all I can say is how extremely well-pleased I was to see him in his first (well, hardly) acting role. Bob's opening line is "That's a good question" to Coburn's "Who are you?" Alias quickly converts from street-citizen to the Kid's side of things, and he's pretty handy with those two knives he wears strapped to his belt. Suffice it to say it's fine fun to watch Dylan lasso a wild turkey and say to Billy, "I got me a turkey." Peckinpah's camera focuses often – and rather too consciously – on the puckish, penetrating stare of Mr. Alias.

Jason Robards appears briefly as a gentleman governor (is he really supposed to be Mexican?) encouraging Garrett in his pursuit of the Kid. And Slim Pickens is quietly touching in his death (shot as a muted ode to the stark beauty of the Wild West).

Dylan's soundtrack is geared up to lionizing the Kid, all right, but the voice and guitar are convincingly plaintive. The songs sound just as unpracticed as the movie's primitive – often inaudible – tone.

I recommend seeing *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* for its gritty emphasis on the loneliness and fatality which are seldom hit facts about America's Western folk-heroes. This movie is more than a chance to see and hear Dylan, though that was enough for me. Director Peckinpah proves himself to be more than an Apostle of Violence; his grip on the bizarre toughness of fate is as sure as his sense of the vicious.

HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER —

Reviewed by Alex Ward

Clint Eastwood is the single most successful filmmaker working today, if you care to measure success in terms of box-office receipts. His movies, starting with the Sergio Leone "No Name" westerns made in Italy, up through *Coogan's Bluff*, *Play Misty for Me*, *Dirty Harry* and now, *High Plains Drifter*, have all been reasonably budgeted projects that reaped huge profits by dealing unflinchingly and unashamedly in a universally attractive commodity: violence. Whatever artistic subtleties Eastwood lacks are more than compensated for by his countless modes of perpetrating carnage. He may not be able to deliver a soliloquy with the feeling and sensitivity of an Olivier, but he has few peers when it comes to kicking some poor whimp in the balls.

This kind of criticism is unfairly snide however, especially from somebody whose response to violent movies has been as uneven as mine. My admiration for *Bonnie and Clyde*, for instance, has moved me to see it four times, *The Wild Bunch*, twice. But by the same token, I found *Straw Dogs* and *The Valachi Papers* repugnant and became self-righteously indignant when audiences at those films cheered the gore.

As for the "No Name" films, I really wasn't picky about the blood and guts. In fact, I even developed a peculiar fondness for Leone's blatantly overstylized direction and the attractiveness of Eastwood's nihilistic cowboy characterization. Besides, the movies themselves were economically plotted, nicely photographed, beautifully scored and usually offered welcomed relief from pictures more thought-provoking or profound in nature.

Last year, when *Dirty Harry* was released, I let my more knee-jerk tendencies get the best of me and avoided it on the word of reviewers who were labelling it a "fascist fantasy" or somesuch, and I've been sorry ever since. Perhaps it was that, perhaps it was temporary insanity. Whatever it was, I've got something to be even sorrier about now.

Certainly on the surface *High Plains Drifter* promises a whole lot for the hard-core or even casual Eastwood fan: an Ernest Tidyman script, a genuine Western locale (which looks to be somewhere on the California-Nevada border) and, best of all, Clint's return to the saddle, which I thought to be his most comfortable milieu.

Unfortunately, unless one is interested solely in blood spillage and body counts, the movie lives up to none of its expectations. The plot is hazy, the acting terrible and the action completely devoid of even the most basic kind of suspense, which is essential in creating a workable atmosphere for violence on the screen. Except for a series of long panning shots of Eastwood on horseback at the beginning of the film, even the physical splendor of the setting gets lost. The most condemning thing I can say about *High Plains Drifter* is that I couldn't sit through it all, and at three dollars a ticket, it takes a turkey of monumental proportions to drive me out of a theater.

The most obvious problem with the film is Eastwood's ability as a director, which at best is limited and at worst inept. Bad as the screenplay is, it's probably not much worse than anything Leone had to work with and

AT THE MOVIES continued on Page 8

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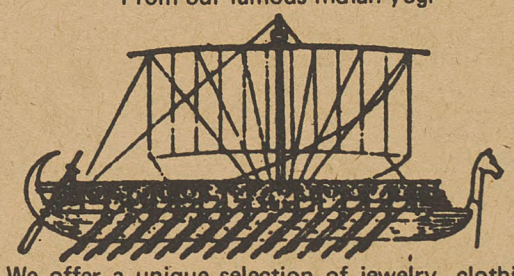

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COUNTERNOTES

THERE GOES RHYMIN' SIMON —
Paul Simon – (Columbia)

Reviewed by Jeff Menick

It *is* Spring! The world is LUV, and *There Goes Rhymin' Simon* is the finest album to be released so far this year. After the first half-dozen or so listenings I was convinced that the album had five songs that were not only as good as anything else Paul Simon has ever written, but songs which will permanently place him among out greatest contemporary songwriters. After a few more listenings, I would add three of the other five to the very fine category, leaving only two that don't do much for me; but no one else has come close to batting .800 in eons.

"Kodachrome" is the first of several singles which will undoubtedly be culled from the album, and it reveals a whimsical sense of humor that was noticably missing from last year's depressing, first solo album by Simon. Just the opening line, "When I think back on all the crap I learned in high school," is enough to make it an instant turn-on for AM radio, and the whimsy continues throughout the fantasy. "Tenderness" is the back side of the single and is a pleasantly laid-back tune that will give those people into sensitivity training and "honest relationships" some cause to pause with

Honesty
It's such a waste of time
No you don't have to lie to me
Just give me some tenderness
(with your honesty)

Simon is damned smart. He knows both his strengths, songwriting and arranging; and his weaknesses, particularly his very limited voice. His recent concert appearance at Constitution Hall, while generally pleasing his die-hard fans, was marred by an inability to get his voice together enough to sing on key for the first three minutes, but was highlighted by the appearance of a Peruvian group, now called UruBamba, which includes some of the members of Los Incas, the group which gave Simon the tune for "El Condor Pasa," and the Jesse Hill Singers, who made "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" worth the price of admission by returning the song to its gospel format in a beautiful arrangement.

Here, Simon uses The Dixie Hummingbirds to successfully augment the weakness of his voice on "Tenderness" and the very spiritually oriented rocker which closes the album, "Loves Me Like a Rock." Both songs come out winners because of them.

"Take Me to the Mardi Gras" will soothe your soul and turn you on to dixieland jazz with the closing bars by The Onward Brass Band. When was the last time a clarinet solo was featured on a cut? The falsetto voice of Rev. Claude Jester carries much of the lyric line and the song is one of the strongest on the album. "Something So Right" may be the prettiest love song written in the last ten years and Side One ends with a tune that will evoke instant identification among all apartment dwellers, "One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor." The song reflects some of the more disquieting effects of city living in our generation, but Simon manages to avoid the maudlin.

"American Tune" was sung twice by Simon in his concert and I think it probably reflects most accurately where his head is at the present time. While he hasn't toured much for a while, the loneliness and rigors of the road have been a very recurrent theme in his music. "American Tune" indicates a maturity in his acceptance of those demands and a fairly positive realization that, even with dreams of dying and rebirth, "tomorrow's going to be another working day" and he is trying to get some rest 'cause he doesn't know a soul who's not been battered. "But it's all right, it's all right. We've lived so well so long."

I have taken to playing that cut last, instead of the second side, because the second cut on the side is one of the greatest Spring songs ever written, "Was a Sunny Day." It will probably replace "Feelin' Groovy" as Simon's good-timey song because it, too, was written for brightening up everybody's day and reaffirming the beauty of love. It's got one of those dumb melodies and idiotic lyric lines that I can't get to stop running around my brain. I love it.

"Learn How to Fall" is the throwaway of the LP and "St. Judy's Comet," a pretty little lullaby Paul wrote for his son which, while the album credits all songs as being 1973, I'm fairly certain I heard him do in concert with Garfunkel a couple of years ago. Anyway, 8 out of 10 is one hell of a batting average. And this is one hell of an impressive album.

BEWARE THE SHADOW —
Help Yourself – (United Artists)

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

Help Yourself is a young band still growing. The fact that they are so good now makes me shudder a little at what they may achieve in a couple of years. *Beware the Shadow* represents the fullest development of their three albums, and it is by no means all they can be. I'd say the title is quite prophetic, for it is referring to the shadow of other bands, the shadows that engulfed them in their first two albums.

Help Yourself's first album descended from two main influences: Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young's *Deja Vu* and the Grateful Dead's *Workingman's Dead*. Taking the vocal stance of the former and the country playing of the latter, they put together a reasonalby good debut album that little smacked of originality, but is still pleasant to listen to. In summer, 1972, they came out with *Strange Affair*, which put the country phase to rest while dabbling in early Grateful Dead jamming plus bits of Buffalo Springfield-like material. By this time, you should be getting the picture. Help Yourself is a British band but they look mainly to American groups for their ideas. There is nothing surprising about that, since most British groups get a great deal of their inspiration from American rock. On their first two LP's however, Help Yourself could not or would not obscure their influences. This led some observers, those who just scratch the surface, to not want to bother with them, preferring the originals to the pale copy Help Yourself seemed.

There may have been some basis for agreeing with that point of view, but Help Yourself has helped to take care of the problem themselves by recording an album which does not stand in the shadow of anyone in particular. The same sources are present (they got rid of CSNY stuff before the second LP, but the Dead-Springfield is still an influence), the difference this time being that they have been able to assimilate them into a more cohesive sound.

Beware the Shadow is the rarity of an LP with no bum cuts. True, some are better than others, but each has something to recommend it. "Alabama Lady" opens the album with rippling guitar work and is the steadiest rocking of all the songs. It is also the most conventional song on the album. Following that is the 12-minute "Reaffirmation" which builds from a slow start into a jam reminiscent of early Dead, all the while avoiding boring the listener. A short "Calypso" closes the side.

The first ballad of the album, "She's My Girl," opens side two. It works mainly because of the vocal adeptness of Malcolm Morley, Help Yourself's singer, rhythm guitarist and songwriter. The endearing "Molly Bake Bean" follows; a fairy tale with sparse musical backup sung in a voice half-drunk and half-asleep. Perhaps it will usher in a new genre of rock children's songs. "American Mother" kicks in next, and this just may be the best song on the album. It is eight minutes long, with Richard Treece's sharp guitar, strikingly effective piano by Morley, and is filled with Americana imagery – a bit strange to hear from a British group. What they know of America is, I'm sure, through books and movies more than anything else. Their image of this place is fairly romantic. Anyway, don't confuse a great song like this with trash like "American Woman" by Canada's Guess Who. (I guess I should qualify that – the music in that Guess Who song was good, but I object to the lyrics.) Help Yourself closes the album on a sad note with the mournful ballad "Passing Through."

Help Yourself is a part of the cadre of British bands encompassing Brinsley Schwarz, Man (who will be discussed at some length in a future issue), and the as-yet unrecorded Ducks Deluxe and Bees Make Honey. One thing these bands have in common is a lack of finances for an American tour which, besides putting them in front of a new audience, would fuel them for additional songs and probably change their views on things they have previously sung about. If you really get into Help Yourself, you can hunt down an import copy of the first LP, and the second was released here, so that's no problem, but if you start with *Beware the Shadow*, you can't go wrong.

THERE'S AN INNOCENT FACE —
Curt Boetcher – (Elektra)

A lot of people seem to be regressing to 1965 and 1966, but albums like Curt Boetcher's convince me that such trends are among the best things happening. Curt has produced an album full of happy, poppish, lightly rocking but fully produced rock and roll. It is not Shadows of Knight-Barbarians punk rock; it is Beach Boys-Beatles fun-in-the-sun music which is designed mainly for listening on radios in the car or at the beach.

Curt Boetcher is no stranger to this music. He and the legendary Gary Usher, who helped with this LP's production, produced a number of similar songs in the mid- and late-sixties. (Usher was one of the masterminds behind the early Byrds.) They have used some of the same techniques now, while drawing upon subsequent technological breakthroughs. Boetcher and Usher started Together Records in 1969, which was mainly dedicated to big production jobs, but it was a failed venture. All that ever came of it was the Byrds' *Preflyte*, some singles, and Boetcher's group Sagittarius. Another failure of his was the group The Millenium, which included Michael Fennely, who would later lead Crabby Appleton.

The timing of *There's an Innocent Face* was unfortunate. Elektra released it in January, and it is not a January album, if you know what I mean. Now that summer's coming on, we have the ideal time for *There's an Innocent Face*. If this album was made to be played in convertibles and on sandy transistors, then clearly winter is not the time for its release. There are several potential hit singles, like "I Love You More Each Day," which didn't make it once, but remember what I said about timing; "Love You Yes I Do"; but expecially the masterpiece song on a masterpiece album: "She'll Stay With You." This really sums up what a pop record should sound like, encompassing all that was good about the Beach Boys and 'fifties vocal groups. At the end of the song Curt goes into a Beach Boys vocal riff ending with a bit of "Who Wrote the Book of Love." I wouldn't mind hearing this three times a day on AM radio. All the songs move in a pattern which would suggest that this is a concept album, and it's really not. It's just that Boetcher has a perfect idea of what he's trying to accomplish. He can use pedal steel guitar and not make a song sound country ("Such a Lady"); he can make hard rock without clashing with the other, lighter songs ("Bobby California"); he can sing a semi-novelty song and not make it sound silly ("Wufferton Frog").

Elektra Records, do everyone a favor and re-release this album, and put out "She'll Stay with You" as a single. Have a nice summer.

B.R.

THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND —
(Capricorn)

There appears to be a distinct style of playing among recent Southern rock bands. The music is blues based rock, harshly sung, and often includes jamming. In other words, most Southern bands currently on the national level sound like The Allman Brothers Band. Whether they sounded like that three or four years ago is difficult to say, but groups like Wet Willie, the Atlanta Rhythm Section, and Frankie and Johnny came upon the scene after the Allmans broke ground for Southern rock bands.

The Capricorn organization, based in Macon, Georgia, is responsible for the Allman

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Brothers and Wet Willie, and is undoubtedly the leading force in Southern rock. It is understandable that they would want a band like Marshall Tucker in their family. Although MTB was not a part of the Allman-Capricorn family previously, their music owes much to the Allman Brothers and consequently sounds a lot like it. Vocalists Doug Gray and Toy Caldwell have voices similar to Gregg Allman – actually, in a middle-ground of grittiness between Gregg and Wet Willie's Jimmy Hall – and Toy Caldwell's guitar playing flows much like Duane Allman's, but lacks it distinctiveness. There is one crucial difference between the Marshall Tucker Band and others, and that is the use of a flute, played by Jerry Eubanks, who also plays alto sax. On a song like "Take the Highway" it really makes a difference.

It's surprising that more groups don't attempt to incorporate the flute, because it can turn an otherwise ordinary sound into something unique, ***a la*** Jethro Tull. Even if they didn't use a flute, though, the Marshall Tucker Band would still sound good. They make up for rather pedestrian material with tight playing and sensible arranging and production. They're not only dealing with guitar, bass, voice, drums; but also flute and sax, a lot of backup percussion, keyboards and a vocal chorus. Producer Paul Hornsby, who played the keyboard parts, managed to keep it all intact without getting cluttered.

To clear up any confusion, no one in the band is named Marshall Tucker. It seems that that was the name of an old warehouse where they set up practice headquarters, and decided that was as good a name as any. If the breaks start coming their way, and that should happen when songs like "Take the Highway," "Can't See You," and "Ramblin' " get around, MTB will help insure the longevity of the Southern rock scene and maybe even pave the way for others who were once in their shoes.

B.R.

SINGLES CITY. . .

I would like to be able to write this feature more often, but the truth is that it's not often that a bunch of good singles pop up at the same time. This is only the third Singles City in the past twelve months.

In any case, some good songs have come out recently that have seen little radio airplay. Despite the general lameness of the local Top 40 stations, I think we're in for a resurgence of good radio music. It may be a sad state of affairs, but if I want to listen to the radio these days for something energizing, I usually listen to AM. Most FM radio programming in this and other areas is an insipid energy drain. There is a lack of fresh, exciting music on FM to go with a lack of creativity and imagination.

There is some good stuff on AM, but the way it is programmed, you have to change the station after every song. Besides songs like "Heart of Stone" by the Blue Ridge Rangers, the sophisticated hard-pop of "Little Willy" by The Sweet, and "Stuck in the Middle with You" by Stealer's Wheel (which I hated at first, but which really grew on me), it's nice to hear things like "Roll Over Beethoven" by the Electric Light Orchestra, "Give It to Me" by the J. Geils Band, and "Long Train Runnin' " by the Doobie Brothers.

Of course, tons of good music are passed by, and I think one of the most glaring examples is Jimmy Cliff's "The Harder They Come" (Mango), the title song of the fantastic Jamaican movie. Although this isn't hard-core reggae, it is a music that we will be hearing a lot more from and Cliff will probably be its biggest star once his forthcoming album on Warner Brothers is released. Mango's parent label, Capitol, has two potential hits which unfortunately have seen very little exposure, The Easybeats have changed their name to the Marcus Hook Roll Band and have come up with a heavy rocker in the Who/Move/Velvet Underground mold, "Natural Man." In what should qualify as big news, The Kingsmen are back with a blistering new single, "You Better Do Right," which is half Alice Cooper and half Who. Remember: The Kingsmen are part of your heritage. In nearly the same vein is "Mean Girl," by the Status Quo (Pye), a boogie from their British-only *Dog of Two Heads* album. They are currently A&M artists, but I imagine Pye assumed they had nothing to lose by releasing it.

Stories has lost keyboard player/songwriter Michael Brown, who left shortly after the release of their superb *About Us* LP, but the revamped group already has a new 45, "Brother Louie" (Kama Sutra), with a harder-edged sound. The British group Chicory Tip has a good'un in "Good Grief, Christina" (Epic), a single for which no studio technique was left unused.

On the mellower side, Van Morrison's "Warm Love" (Warner Brothers), is nice, with an airy flute and Van tellin' us that love is "everpresent everywhere." I presume this is from his forthcoming album. Ian Matthews has disbanded Plainsong, but he has a natural if I've ever heard one with Jackson Browne's "These Days" (Elektra), produced by Michael Nesmith, using Michael's pedal steel player, Red Rhodes, who also plays on the Curt Boetcher album. Enough cannot be said of Ian's wonderful voice.

From Commander Cody's forthcoming LP, *Country Casanova*, comes "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke (That Cigarette)" (Paramount), featuring doses of boogie woogie, western swing, and a novelty record sound. The sleeve informs us that "smoking this record could be hazardous to your health." Speaking of novelty records, Parrot has re-released "Monster Mash" by Bobby "Boris" Pickett and Wand Records has done the same with the Rivington's "Papa Ooh Mow Mow," Finally, the newest from the Beach Boys, "California Saga" (Brother-WB), deserves to be a hit. If only a handful of these records makes the radio, listening this summer will still be infinitely more pleasurable.

B.R.

FRANK ZAPPA CONCERT

By Russell Chalker

The name of Frank Zappa connotes many different things to different people. To some it is a name from the past reeking perversity, to others it stands for an ace guitarist, or a moviemaker, or comedy music, or apocalyptic scenarios, and finally, a compositional genius that combines humor and musical styles skillfully. Zappa manages to embody all of these notions, and his concerts testify as proof. Zappa also has a gift of assembling talented musicians for his ever-changing troupe of Mothers.

And what mothers they were at the Grand Opening of The Great McGonigle's Seaside Park. Not just another band from L.A., but a low-budget rock orchestra. Strings were supplied by that masterful violinist Jean Luc Ponty, Bruce Fowler provided trombone and Sal Marquez, trumpet. Ian Underwood filled out the wind section alternating between alto and soprano saxes and flute. Ian's wife Ruth also proved to be multi-talented on an ever present array of percussionary instruments, ranging from marimbas to tympani. George Duke furnished the remaining ivory-flavored percussion on his diverse keyboards. Ralph Humphrey on drums and Tom Fowler on bass maintained the heavy-duty rhythms needed to keep everyone rocking.

Shouts and requests for various favorite songs were quieted when Zappa assured the crowd that "yes, we'll play all of those" and "we'll play a long set." In fact, they played close to three hours. With an "I'm pleased to announce that the name of this song is 'Redunzel'," Zappa opened the show. What followed was a lightweight, airy tune featuring Jean Luc's delightful violin and Bruce's razzy trombone *a la* wah-wah.

Anticipating the audience's desire for familiar music, they proceeded to do a medley from *Uncle Meat*. Starting with everyone's favorite pachuco rocker, "Dog Breath" (and some variations), they then marched into a rousing "Uncle Meat." The medley continued with a number entitled "50/50" that fit in well, but could easily stand on its own power. I only hope it gets a chance on wax to prove itself.

"Next we're going to do a song that deals with the subject of dental floss. That's right, 'Montana'." Zappa then recited the tale of raising "lonely dental floss" and what to do with it, in his own inimitable basso-redundant voice. This little ditty ends with an image of Zappa riding his pygmy pony through the rows of lonely dental floss singing "Whoopee ty yo, ty yay" off into the Montana sunset.

"Blue Breeze Paradise" is another new composition made even fresher with George Duke's gothic/romantic tinklings. George improvised the intro, combining solar riffs with soap opera themes – amazing. Conducting the band by pulling imaginary strings, Zappa forced them to tune up, slow down, and fall apart in one of his famous choreographed cacophonies. Meanwhile, George plunged on, matching the shrieking outbursts like an intergalactic "Nancy and Mary." George switched styles and whoosed into whining wind horror music as background for Zappa's Godzilla monologue. Uncle Frank asks everyone to "just imagine, for your listening and dancing pleasure, that Godzilla is lurking out there in the bay." He then proceeds to describe how a bunch of crab cake freaks (in a rowboat) are scared to death by the sight of Godzilla's sexually aroused dork and how he demolished Lexington Market, leveled the Preakness, cut his foot on a discarded Budweiser can, and is finally brought under control by the poison gases stored at the Edgewater Arsenal.

Zappa's opinion on drugs, the occult, and religion is contained in the lyric and title of he next song, "Cosmic Debris." His advice to peddlers is, first, "don't waste your time on me," and secondly, "take your meditations and preparations and ram them up your nose." However, this tune is sung lightly and contains one of Zappa's electro-mutated guitar breaks. "Willie the Pimp" proved to be a real crowd pleaser and a good vehicle for some excellent soloing. Ian proved "what he can do that's fantastic" on his sax and Zappa used his vacuum attachments to create some eclectric excitement. He is now fast establishing himself as a master rock guitar whizzard.

Zappa could have easily ended the concert there, but he promised a long set so, after a much-needed intermission, the Mothers played on. The Mothers music machine cranked off "Big Swifty," changing gears from rock to a jazzy big band.

Continuing his penchant for absurdist scenarios, Zappa played, sang, and performed his new movie for the ears which "deals with ecology, baby seals, margarine, men of the cloth, temporary snow blindness and stuff like that."

Although the band had churned out enough fine music to satisfy even the most fanatical fan (some felt too much), an encore was demanded. What better way to end such an evening of music than an encore of "King Kong," or even "Chunga's Revenge," or "Mr. Green Genes?" Imagine what happened when they did a medley of all three. Hunky dory, indeed.

In an interview with George Duke after the concert, he assured me that Zappa will release the tapes of this concert tour in a new live LP within two months and that it will be, hopefully, a double. Wowie Zowie.

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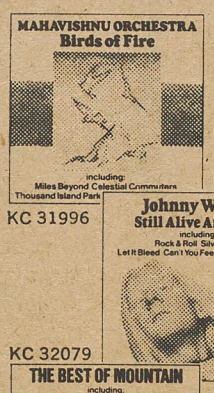


AT THE MOVIES continued from Page 5

certainly you have to feel Leone could have brought it off with more style. Eastwood simply turns it into a parody, and not a very funny one at that. Virtually every scene is a cliche, a tired cliche, and the grotesque stereotypes that pass for characters are not helped one lick by the performances. Marianna Hill, as a "wronged" woman, is obnoxiously hysterical and Eastwood himself is upstaged by a dwarf.

Of course there is no shortage of shooting and killing, so those who put a great deal of stock in such things won't be disappointed. If, however, your idea of entertainment is less simplistic, just forget this one and hope Clint puts himself in more capable hands next time.

LUDWIG —

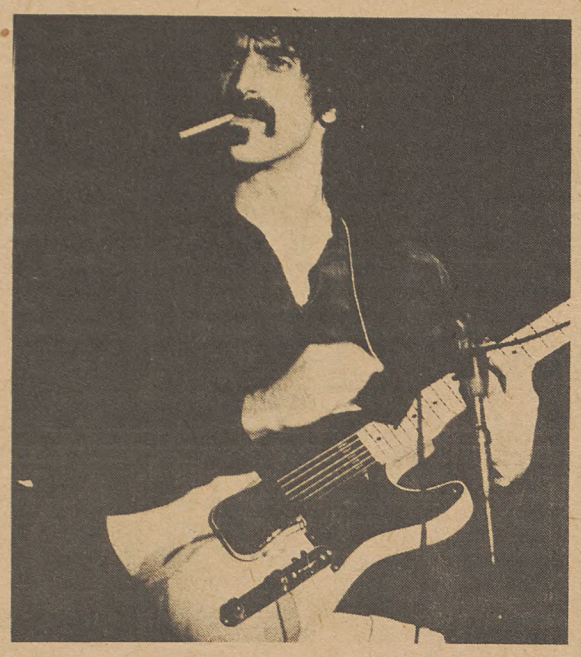
Reviewed by Clover Holcomb

Madness and aristocracy: a potent combination which cannot fail to draw fascinated viewers. Madness tells the story of man; it's the story of the species, it's the story of the individual and, whenever man looks towards greatness, he regards madness as a mystical state to be watched and to be longed for with the jealousy and pity that were once addressed only to shamans, priests and women. The affairs of the aristocracy have always been appealing, but never so much as in their moments of almost-human weaknesses.

The true story of Ludwig, the mad king of Bavaria, has all these elements embellished by a mysterious death and a late 19th Century setting. A period of anguish, of dissolution, of great men confused by the time and place in which they found themselves, a time and place in which they no longer existed: greatness suddenly aware of its invisibility still strove to cast its shadow.

In the hands of director Visconti, however, the aristocracy is grand, nothing more, as he lingers tenderly over scenes of opulence, echoing castles, and divine decadence. Madness is confusing at best: it is unexplained, but not inexplicable; it has stages, but no development. As scenes flit backwards and forwards, from past to present, from "here" to "there," the viewer soon defensively entrenches himself in the only fact he can be sure of: as Ludwig progresses from clean shaven youth to mustachioed patron to goateed goat to bearded depravity, as each tooth rots, Ludwig is madder. A young king, having inherited a hopeless and dull war, having set out to make Munich the center of the art world is suddenly mad, and madder and madder still. His young brother returns from battle with the anguish of a leader who cannot save his troops and is suddenly shown – *some* time later, during the king's mustache period – to be a raving lunatic, shut in a locked room, recognizing no one.

Romy Schnieder, as Empress Elizabeth of Austria, laughs and smiles knowingly throughout the film. Trevor Howard's Wagner gives no clear picture of the composer and reflects little of Ludwig. As mad Ludwig, however, Helmut Berger takes the inadequate dialogue and poor development and manages to evoke the tragedy and beauty of a lost king. As Ludwig abandons reality, Berger seems to detach himself from the film to the point where the tragedy of the man becomes the tragedy of the actor; his environment was not what he had prepared himself for and the time, thanks to the editing out of over an hour of film, was not his own.



Frank Zappa at The Great McGonigle's Seaside Park, in Annapolis, on May 19th. [PHOTO: John W. White]

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MON-TUE June 4-5	Hiroshi Inagaki's *Kojiro* (1967)	&	Kaneto Shindo's *Kuroneko* (1968)
WED-THUR June 6-7	Masaki Kobayashi's *Samurai Rebellion* (1967) with Toshiro Mifune	&	Hiroshi Inagaki's *Ambush* (1968) with Toshiro Mifune
FRI-SAT June 8-9	Kihachi Okamoto's *Sword of Doom* (1967) with Toshiro Mifune	&	Kihachi Okamoto's *Warring Clans*
SUN-MON June 10-11	Akira Kurosawa's *Hidden Fortress* (1958) with Toshiro Mifune	&	Akira Kurosawa's *Sanjuro* (1963) with Toshiro Mifune
TUE-WED June 12-13	Hiroshi Inagaki's *Samurai Banners* (1968) with Toshiro Mifune	&	Hiroshi Inagaki's *Daredevil in the Castle* with Toshiro Mifune
THUR-SAT June 14-16	Kihachi Okamoto's *Samurai Assassin* (1968) with Toshiro Mifune	&	Hiroshi Inagaki's *Bandits on the Wind* (1964)
SUN-TUE June 17-19	Hiroshi Inagaki's *Yagyu Secret Scrolls* with Toshiro Mifune	&	Toyoda's *Illusion of Blood*
WED-THUR June 20-21	Akira Kurosawa's *The Seven Samurai* (1954) with Toshiro Mifune	&	Akira Kurosawa's *Yojimbo* (1961) with Toshiro Mifune
FRI-MON June 22-25	Hiroshi Inagaki's *Cushingura* (1962) with Toshiro Mifune	&	Akira Kurosawa's *Yojimbo* (1961) with Toshiro Mifune

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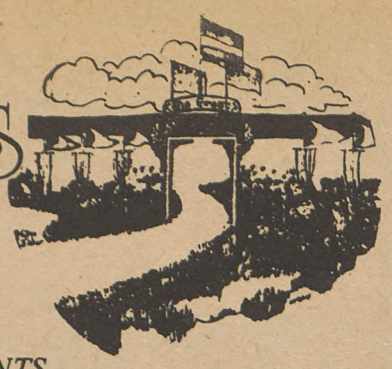

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ART

By David Tannous

Three young Washington artists have a show of their works on paper at the Corcoran Gallery of Art this month, and the show, though tucked away in a hall and unlisted in any of the Gallery literature, is worth seeking out.

Containing drawings by Manon Cleary and Kristen Moeller and collages by Allen Appel, the exhibit is nothing major, but then it wasn't meant to be. It is useful as a marking point, a chance for the viewer to examine what each artist is doing now, and to measure that achievement against what has been done before.

Each of the three artists has had work in several local group shows recently. The Corcoran show, in limiting the number of artists, gives them enough space to show a good range of work, and at the same time, the narrowed focus of the exhibit increases the attention that each artist can receive.

Kristen Moeller offers fantasy scenes with overtones of the surreal. Her color pencil and pastel drawings show dream landscapes filled with recurrent shapes and symbols; among them, stars, birds, seashells, vines, leaves and flowers. Her people – calm, imperturbable, and immensely at home in their strange worlds – exist in easy combination with the beasts, some ordinary, some with human faces, that frolic about them.

Work of this sort easily could become "precious," with its connotations of mid-sixties "flower-child" art and other latter-day renditions of the Peaceable Kingdom. For the most part Moeller manages to avoid this trap with a strong sense of composition and color organization, so that her drawings work as designs and not just as carriers of various loads of symbolism.

I say "for the most part" because she isn't always successful. Her technique is uneven; when her drawings work, they work very well, and when they don't, they fall apart. She lacks the ability to strengthen a weak idea with a technical tour-de-force.

In her best work, though – "Woman with Star" and "Zebras," both of this year – she manages to combine an elaboration of flat design with a conventional perspective drawing in a manner reminiscent of some of the 18th Century Indian miniatures of the Mogul school.

Allen Appel's collages are something different for him. His previous shows have concentrated on his hand-colored photographs, in which subtle alterations of the original images often result in strong and beautiful works. The collages here, arrangements of cut-outs, postcards, drawings and stencils on grid paper, are less successful for me than most of his photographs, although several of them have a lasting impact.

The difficulty is that I find myself reading the bits and pieces that make up the works rather than seeing each as whole and unified. Thus, it becomes more interesting to discover what Aunt Nettie wrote her dear little Della on the center postcard in "Collage No. 1" than it is to observe the work as a single piece.

There are exceptions. For an example, look at "Collage No. 5," which contains, among other things, a postcard of St. Petersburg, Florida, a handwritten excerpt from some grisly tale or other, two carefully-drawn profile heads, a section of red-lined perspective graph paper, and a cut-out of a dancing blonde in a red dress.

Every element of the work repays some close attention, but the point is that it all works together. From a distance, without being able to read the writing or see the expression on the blonde's face, the viewer still can find a work of art, one that has forms and colors arranged within a space to achieve an interesting effect.

Manon Cleary's work dominates the show. From the first sight of the large pencil drawing "Kristen and Jonathan Kissing," at the end of the long corridor that holds the exhibit, it is evident that hers is an accomplished and interesting talent. But to appreciate this fully, one must fight to get beyond the sheer beauty of her technique. Working mostly with a hard-lead black pencil, she draws carefully and perfectly, seemingly without a flaw. Her subjects are people, most often their faces, and her technique is staggering.

The images are both hard and soft at the same time. The pencil strokes are so faint and the lines so pale that one begins by seeing a loose, flowing, "impressionistic" treatment of the subject. But a closer look reveals that each line, each patch of shading is hard, precise, and exactly in place.

The overall feeling of easy, inevitable motion is built up of a great number of small, well-directed placements of the pencil. The image seems to be "thrown" on the paper whole; the work is done so well that one can see none of the effort it took to produce it.

The question, of course, faced with this perfection of means, is to determine whether there is something else in her work, something more than just a flawless representation of bodies and faces.

Cleary obviously has recognized this problem, and with her most recent work, completed within the last year, she has found increasingly better solutions. Two early works in color on display here show her accustomed technique, but they are less interesting than her later pieces in black and white. The older works are beautiful delineations; the newer ones are better than that.

Increasingly, Cleary has begun to abstract what most interests her in each of her subjects. She has begun to put down only the essentials and to leave out the rest. This tends to give each work the look of a developing photograph: certain parts have begun to register on the paper while other sections still are too faint to see. The difference, of course, is in the strict control that she exercises: what is there is what we need to see.

Thus, in the vertical diptych "Maggie," we find that the rims of the young girl's eyeglasses and her smile are the clearest parts of the image, and we find that we have a complete picture; we really don't need anything more.

The same command, the assurance of an artist who knows exactly what she wants to do and how to do it, is seen in the work that I think is the most successful and beautiful in the show: "Kristen, Ronnie and Jonathan."

The faces of the three young people are placed off-center on the paper, and within the image, the cropping and the placement of the forms reinforce the feeling of a passing moment felicitously caught. This isn't a formal portrait; three people moving and laughing together suddenly have been fixed in place for our contemplation. In the next moment, one feels, they could move on again.

A photograph has the same ability to arrest motion, of course, but this drawing is not just a snapshot redone in pencil. The artist has chosen what to show us; the rest fades away; and we are left with the conviction that these people, composed of traces of graphite on a piece of paper, have life and are worth our attention.

On the evidence of the range of work in this show, I think Cleary will continue her present development. If she does, she soon will be giving us work that we will be fortunate to see.

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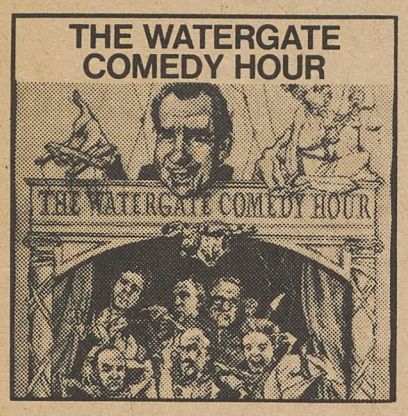

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TUESDAY, JUNE 5

MUSIC

Les McCann // Jimmy Walker; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Sammy Davis, Jr.; JFKCCH; 8:30; 254-3600
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 9-2; 483-6700

FILMS

Midnight; AFI; 6:30 & 9; 833-9300
10 from Show of Shows; Fine Arts; 223-4438
Cesar & Rosalie; Dupont Circle; 785-2300
Kojiro // Kuroneko; Circle; 331-7480

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6

BIRTHDAYS

Gary U.S. Bonds, Beatles first audition for Geo. Martin, '62.

MUSIC

Les McCann // Jimmy Walker (see June 5)
Sammy Davis, Jr. (see June 5)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see June 5)
Life Singers of Shelbyville, Ky. – rock musical about Life of Christ; Lincoln Memorial; 11:30 a.m. - 12:45 p.m.; 426-6700

FILMS

Paris in the 30's – Taris. Le Mile, La Maternelle; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300
Boudu Saved from Drowning; AFI; 9:00; 833-9300
10 from Show of Shows (see June 5)
Samurai Rebellion // Ambush; Circle; 331-7480

EVENTS

reading – Linda Patton – A Perfect Circle of Sun; Textile Museum; 8:00; 667-0442

THURSDAY, JUNE 7

BIRTHDAYS

Dean Martin. Tom Jones

MUSIC

Les McCann // Jimmy Walker (see June 5)
Sammy Davis, Jr. (see June 5)
Ramblin' Jack Elliott // Um-Babe; Childe Harolde; 9-2; 483-6700
Liz Meyer & Friends; Apple Pie; 9-2; 333-3811

FILMS

Seventh Heaven; AFI; 6:30 & 9:00; 833-9300
Show of Shows (see June 5)
McCabe & Mrs. Miller // Deliverance; Biograph; 333-2696
Samurai Rebellion // Ambush (see June 6)
Cesar & Rosalie; Dupont Circle; 785-6700

EVENTS

lecture – Creative Women in Our Society, by Agnes DeMille; Tawes Fine Arts Theatre; U. of Md.; Coll. Pk.; 8:30; $3.50; 454-2201
lecture – First Rough Draft: A Journalist's View of Wash., by Chalmers M. Roberts. WNDC; 12:15; $3; AD2-7363

FRIDAY, JUNE 8

BIRTHDAYS

Nancy Sinatra, Chuck Negron (3 Dog Night), James Darren

MUSIC

Les M[illegible] // Jimmy Walker (see June 5)
S[illegible], Jr. (see June 5)
[illegible]vis//Joe Stampley//Karen Wheeler; Merri-[illegible]ost; 8:00; 953-2424
[illegible]AR Constitution Hall; 8:00
[illegible]k Elliott // Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe [illegible]3; 483-6700
[illegible]luegrass-Folk Festival: Dillards, Brian Bowers, [illegible]Merle Watson + more: Noon-1:00 am; Lake [illegible]orwill; (301) 656-6667

[illegible] Nights of a Dreamer; AFI; 6:30 & 9:00; 833-9300
Show of Shows (see June 5)
McCabe & Mrs. Miller // Deliverance (see June 7)
Sword of Doom // Warring Clans; Circle; 331-7480
Cesar & Rosalie. Dupont Circle; 785-6700

SATURDAY, JUNE 9

BIRTHDAYS

Jackie Wilson, Cole Porter, Fred Waring, Geo. Bunnell (Strawberry Alarm Clock). Les Paul. Jon Lord (Deep Purple)

MUSIC

Warrenton Bluegrass-Folk Festival: Earl Scruggs Revue, John Hartford; Doug Kershaw + more; 9 am - 3 am (see June 8)
Les McCann//Jimmy Walker (see June 5)
Sammy Davis, Jr. (see June 5)
Allman Bros. Band & Grateful Dead; RFK; 3pm; $7; ticketron
Ramblin' Jack Elliott//Liz Meyer & Friends (see June 8)
Indian Summer – acoustic guitar duo; (See In Your Own Back Yard); Theatre Project, Balto.; 10:30; free; (301) 593-3090
Tex Rubinawitz & The Carolina Cowboys; Greenbelt Pk., Md; 3-5pm; 426-6700

FILMS

Masculin–Feminin (Godard); AFI; 6:30 & 9:00; 833-9300
Moonwalk One; AFI; 4pm; 833-9300
Show of Shows (see June 5)
McCabe & Mrs. Miller//Deliverance (see June 7)
Sword of Doom//Warring Clans (see June 8)
Cesar & Rosalie (see June 5)

EVENTS

illustrated lecture – Patents, Productivity & Prosperity, by Edwin A. Batteson; Nat'l Museum of Hist. & Tech. Aud. 10:30 am

SUNDAY, JUNE 10

BIRTHDAYS

Judy Garland, Don Costa, Frederick Lowe

MUSIC

Warrenton Bluegrass-Folk Festival: Doc Watson, Eddie Adcock; Nitty Gritty Dirt Band + more 9:30-11:45 am & Noon - 1 am (see June 8)
Hootenanny; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Sammy Davis, Jr. (see June 5)
Indian Summer; 11pm (see June 9)
Allman Bros. Band & Grateful Dead (see June 9)
Golden Oldies; French Underground; 293-3366

FILMS

Moonwalk One (see June 9)
Blackmail (6:30) // Stagefright (9:00); AFI; 833-9300
Show of Shows (see June 5)
McCabe & Mrs. Miller//Deliverance (see June 7)
Cesar & Rosalie (see June 5)
Hidden Fortress//Sanjiro; Circle; 331-7480

EVENTS

lecture – Meditation Techniques, by Saint Sadguru Sant Keshavadas; 6:30 pm; Kay Spiritual Ctr.; A.U.; 229-3009
bike ride – Embassy Row Ride, from P St. Beach; 12:30; 483-1020
ballet – Regional Ballet Co. of Wash.; Lisner Aud.; $3.75-$1.75
International Invitational Arts Festival; (see In Your Own Back Yard), Nat'l Resources Bldg., Annapolis

MONDAY, JUNE 11

BIRTHDAYS

Joey Dee

MUSIC

Earl Scruggs Revue//Trever Veach: Cellar Door; 337-3389
Lisa Hain. 23rd & Penna. Ave, SW; 426-6700
Liz Meyer & Friends. The Keg; 333-9594

FILMS

Battle of Midway//December 7th (6:30) & They Were Expendable (9:00); AFI; 833-9300
Show of Shows (see June 5)
Cesar & Rosalie (see June 5)
McCabe & Mrs. Miller//Deliverance (see June 7)
Hidden Fortress//Sanjiro (see June 10)

EVENTS

lecture – Planes of Consciousness & Cosmic Consciousness; 7:30 (see June 10)
Arts Festival – (see June 10)

TUESDAY, JUNE 12

BIRTHDAYS

Reg Presley (Tremelos), Vic Damone, John Weider (King Crimson), Beatles become members of O.B.E.

MUSIC

Kenny Rogers & First Edition; Stardust; 843-6233
Nat'l Symph. Orch. – Dvork, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky; JFKCCH; 8:30; 254-3600
Earl Scruggs Revue//Trever Veach (see June 11)

FILMS

An American in Faris; AFI; 6:30 & 9:00. 833-9300
Show of Shows (see June 5)
McCabe & Mrs. Miller//Deliverance (see June 7)
Samurai Banners//Daredevil in the Castle; Circle; 331-7480

EVENTS

meeting – N. Dupont Comm. Assoc.; St. Margaret's Church, (Conn. & Bancroft); 7:30; 232-2900
lecture – Kundalini Yoga (see June 10)
comedy & song – Sandler & Young//Peter Nero; Shady Grove; 8:30; (301) 948-3400
Arts Festival – (see June 10)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13

BIRTHDAYS

Dennis Locorriere (Dr. Hook), The first LP (Columbia) introduced to public at Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, NYC, 1948

MUSIC

Kenny Rogers & First Edition; (see June 12)
II Generation; Childe Harold; 483-6700
Nat'l Symph. Orch. (see June 12)
Earl Scruggs Revue//Trever Veach (see June 11)
Noon Jazz Workshop; L'Enfant Plaza; 426-6700

FILMS

Paris Shorts; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300
When You See This, Remember Me; AFI; 9:00;
Paper Moon; Fine Arts; 223-4438
El Topo//Performance; Biograph; 333-2696
Samurai Banners//Daredevil in the Castle (see June 12)
Cesar & Rosalie (see June 5)

EVENTS

lecture – The Bhagavad Gita & The Bible (see June 10)
comedy & song (see June 12)
Arts Festival (see June 10)

THURSDAY, JUNE 14

BIRTHDAYS

Burl Ives, Rod Argent, Spooner Oldham, Alan White (Yes)
American Flag
MUSIC

Kenny Rogers & First Edition (see June 12)
II Generation (see June 13)
Earl Scruggs Revue//Trever Veach (see June 11)

FILMS

Oliver; AFI; 9:00; 833-9300
Paper Moon (see June 13)
El Topo//Performance (see June 13)
Samurai Assassin//Bandits on the Wind; Circle; 331-7480

EVENTS

lecture – The Scoring of an Outstanding Short Film, by John Green; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300
comedy-song (see June 12)
illustrated lecture – Bungalows & Prarie Houses (see In Your Own Backyard); Renwick Gallery; 8pm; free
Arts Festival (see June 10)

FRIDAY, JUNE 15 - World Invocation Day

David Rose, Erroll Garner, Harry Nilsson, Nigel Pickering (Spanky & Our Gang), John Lennon meets Paul McCartney, 1956

MUSIC

The Start of a Great Weekend – Some former Byrds & Burritos & Friends, Tracy Nelson, Eric Weisberg, New Grass Revival; The Great McGonigle's Seaside Park, Annapolis, Md.; $4 advance, $5 at gate, $10/3 days; 965-9650
Chicago Symphony; Wolf Trap; (703) 938-3800
J.S. Bach Internat'l Competition for Pianists; Lisner Aud.; 6:30; free
Johnny Winter//Foghat; Merriweather Post; 7:00; 953-2424
Kenny Rogers & First Edition; (see June 12)
Nat'l Symph. Orch. – J. Green conducts Gershwin; JFKCCH 8:30; 254-3600
Jim Croce; TV Special, 1:00 am; NBC, Channel 4
Earl Scruggs Revue//Trever Veach (see June 11)
Stanley Woodruff; Mall. across from HEW; 426-6700

FILMS

Paper Moon (see June 13)
El Topo//Performance (see June 13)
Samurai Assassin//Bandits on the Wind (see June 14)
Cesar & Rosalie (see June 5)

SATURDAY, JUNE 16

BIRTHDAYS

Lamont Dozier, Billy Vaugh, Elmer Valentine

MUSIC

Some former Byrds & Burritos & friends. Tracy Nelson, NRBQ, Norman Blake, Chris Smithers, New England Bluegrass Boys, Charles River Valley Boys; Townes Van Zandt, Russ Kirkpatrick, Liz Meyer (see June 15)
J.S. Bach Internat'l Competition for Pianists; 10 am (see June 15)
Don McLean//Persuasions; Merriweather Post; 7:00; 953-2424
Kenny Rogers & First Edition (see June 12)
Nat'l Symph. Orch. (see June 15)
Earl Scruggs Revue//Trever Veach (see June 11)

FILMS

Paper Moon (see June 13)
El Topo//Performance (see June 13)
Samurai Assassin//Bandits on the Wind (see June 14)

EVENTS

Bicycle Maintenance Session No. 1; Arl. Co. Central Libr.; 1 pm; 462-5780
illustrated lecture – Printing for Fun, by R. Stanley Nelson Nat'l Museum of Hist. & Tech. Aud.; 10:30 am
comdedy-song (see June 12)
Art Festival (see June 10)

SUNDAY, JUNE 17 Fathers Day

BIRTHDAYS

Erik Chefitz, Red Foley, James Brown

MUSIC

Some Former Byrds & Burritos & friends, Tracy Nelson. Jonathan Edwards, NRBQ, Orphan, Norman Blake, Liz Meyer, Brian Bowers, Hookfoot (see June 15)
J.S. Bach Internat'l Competitions for Pianists; 2pm; (see June 15)
Stevie Wonder//Azteca; Merriweather Post; 3pm; 953-2424
U.S. Army Field Band; Wolf Trap; 2pm; 9383800
First Moog Quartet; Wolf Trap; 8:30 pm; 938-3800
Hootenanny; Cellar Door; 337-3389

FILMS

Paper Moon (see June 13)
El Topo//Performance (see June 13)
Yagyu Secret Scrolls//Illusion of Blood; Circle; 331-7480

EVENTS

bike hike – Mount Vernon Excursion; from Thomas Boat Center; 12:30, 363-6335
comedy-song (see June 12)
Art Festival closes (see June 10)

MONDAY, JUNE 18

BIRTHDAYS

Paul McCartney, Richard Perry

MUSIC

Anne Murray//John Hurley; Cellar Door; 3373389

FILMS

Ft. Apache (6:30) & She Wore a Yellow Ribbon (9:00); AFI; 833-9300
Paper Moon (see June 13)
El Topo//Performance (see June 13)
Yagyu Secret Scrolls//Illusion of Blood (see June 17)

Woodwind

WOODWIND